

*The history*

I with great truth catch mere simplicity,  
 Whilst some with cunning guild their copper crownes,  
 With truth and plainesse I do were mine bare:  
 Feare not my truth, the morrall of my wit,  
 Is plaine and true? ther's all the reach of it,  
 Welcome sir *Diomed*, here is the Lady,  
 Which for *Antenor* we deliuer you.  
 At the port (Lord) Ile giue her to thy hand,  
 And by the way possesse thee what she is  
 Entreate her faire, and by my soule faire Greeke,  
 If ere thou stand at mercy of my sword:  
 Name *Cressid*, and thy life shalbe as safe,  
 As *Priam* is in Illion?

*Diom.* Faire Ladie *Cressid*,  
 So please you saue the thanks this Prince expects:  
 The lustre in your eye, heauen in your cheeke,  
 Pleades your faire vsage, and to *Diomed*,  
 You shalbe mistres, and command him wholly.  
*Troy.* Grecian thou do'it not vse me curteously,  
 To shame the seale of my petition to thee:  
 In praising her, I tell thee Lord of Greece,  
 She is as farre high soaring ore thy praises:  
 As thou vnworthy to be call'd her seruant,  
 I charge thee vse her well, euen for my charge:  
 For by the dreadfull *Pluto*, if thou dost not,  
 Though the great bulke *Achilles* be thy guard,  
 Ile cut thy throat.

*Diom.* Oh be not mou'd Prince *Troilus*,  
 Let me be priueledg'd by my place and message:  
 To be a speaker free? when I am hence,  
 Ile answer to my lust, and know you Lord  
 Ile nothing do on charge, to her owne worth,  
 Shee shalbe priz'd: but that you say be't so,  
 I speake it in my spirit and honour no.

*Troy.* Come to the port Ile tel thee *Diomed*,  
 This braue shall oft make thee to hide thy head,  
 Lady giue me your hand, and as we walke,  
 To our owne selues bend we our needfull talke.

*Paris.*

*of Troilus and Cressida*

*Paris.* Harke *Hectors* trumpet  
*Aene.* How haue we spent this  
 The Prince must thinke me tardy  
 That swore to ride before him to  
*Par.* Tis *Troilus* false, come, come

*Enter Ajax armed, Achilles*

*Menelaus, Vlisses, Nestor*

*Aga.* Here art thou in appoint  
 Anticipating time, With starting  
 Giue with thy trumpet a loude n  
 Thou dreadfull *Ajax* that the ap  
 May pearce the head of the great  
 hitler.

*Ajax.* Thou, trumpet, ther's m  
 Now cracke thy lungs, and split  
 Blow villaine, till thy sphered B  
 Out-swell the collick of puffed *A*  
 Come stretch thy chest, and let  
 Thou blowest for *Hector*.

*Vliss.* No trumpet answers!

*Achil.* Tis but early daies.

*Aga.* Is not yond *Diomed* v

*Vliss.* Tis he, I ken the manner

He rises on the too: that spirit o  
 In aspiration lifts him from the

*Aga.* Is this the Lady *Cressid*?

*Diom.* Euen she.

*Aga.* Most deerely welcome to

*Nest.* Our generall doth salute

*Vliss.* Yet is the kindnesse but p  
 were kist in general.

*Nest.* And very courtly counse

*Achil.* Ile take that winter fro

*Achilles* bids you welcome.

*Men.* I had good argument for

*Patro.* But thats no argument

For thus pop't *Paris* in his hard  
 And parted thus, you and your

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